The Sun.

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The Political Situation Confronting the New King.

It is unfortunate for Great Britain and for King GEORGE V. that he is called to the succession at a moment when the nation counted on his father's experience and tact to help it in a difficult and embarrassing political situation. Untried and almost unknown, he must face an attack on the royal prerogative which all were sure would be futile when opposed by King EDWARD's personal popularity and authority.

That popularity was real, as was shown by the universal grief on the two earlier occasions when his life was in danger. He won and held the affection of his subjects throughout his life; as the boy Prince, as the bridegroom of the beautiful Danish Princess, as the representative of his mother through the long years of her seclusion, and as the wise sovereign in his later days. His tastes were such as Englishmen shared and approved. They excused his faults and weaknesses and saw in him first of all a thoroughly good fellow who tempered the austerity of Victorian morals with human failings and who attended to the public duties imposed on royalty with businesslike energy, with tact and good humor. As years went on the British public gradually became aware that the Prince of WALES possessed higher qualities, that his knowledge of British politics was at least equal to that of the Crown's advisers, and that his judgment was sound. After his accession King EDWARD impressed on Europe a high regard for his shrewdness and political sense, and the esteem in which his opinions were held by other, more autocratic, rulers was not due merely to relationship and to his superior age.

Though he observed strictly all the conventions which the British Constitution imposes on the royal family, the world came to know that the Prince of WALES had ideas and individuality of his own. He was schooled by his father and by the great statesmen of the old school, he was intimate with politicians of both parties and other men of affairs, and when he came to the throne he had probably a deeper practical knowledge of British politics than the leaders of either party. In the contest now going on over the relations between the two houses of Parliament confidence in King EDWARD's ability to keep these political leaders within bounds enabled the public to look on the struggle with calmness. His death is particularly deplorable while the constitutional questions remain unsettled.

Of King GEORGE, who has succeeded him, on the other hand, remarkably little is known. His service in the navy was creditable; since he became Prince of WALES he has been constantly before the public and has spoken often at the almost daily functions in which royalty must share. No hint will be found in the British newspapers, however, of his personal inclinations or of his views on any subject. He has performed his duties faultlessly and diligently, but has effaced his personality entirely. What knowledge or views he has on political matters are completely unknown beyond the colorless official utterances he has made. He has neither the personal popularity nor the reputation for sagacity of his father to save him from the consequences of the mistakes he may make, and he will be compelled to take important decisions very soon.

The sudden death of King EDWARD will naturally put off the dispute between the two houses for a short time, but only the most sanguine can look for a change of temper in Mr. ASQUITH and his train unless in the new Parliament which must be called within a few months they find themselves in a minority. Englishmen without regard to party will feel the lack of King EDWARD's influence while the constitutional battle is being fought.

The Flamingants.

The struggle between the Walloons and Flemings in Belgian has taken a new form as a result of a law recently passed by the Belgian Chamber of Representatives. The law represents a substantial victory for the Flemish faction, the "Flamingants," as they are designated by their opponents. It is therefore the subject of much protest, both in southern Belgium, where the Walloons, who speak a French dialect, are in the majority, and also in France.

The new law itself provides that students shall not be admitted to the State universities unless their certificates, which contain the record of their preparatory studies, indicate that they have taken a prescribed number of courses in Flemish. This requirement naturally does not affect the natives of the Walloon provinces, but only those of the four northern provinces and of the Flemish wards of the city of Brussels.

The French protest arises from the conviction that the new law will accentuate the spirit of sectionalism; that the division in sentiment between north and south Belgium, already not inconsiderable, will become a genuine menace to national unity and the integrity of the tiny kingdom. A system under which Flemish and French should be taught to all Belgians is advocated by the Walloon party.

In actual numbers the Flemish have a slight advantage over the French speaking element. Thus the total number of Belgians who could speak Flemish in 1900 was 3,673,719, while the total of those who could speak French was but 3,485,718. In both these totals are included 801,587 who could speak both French and Flemish and 42,889 who could speak French, Flemish and German. The number of Belgians speaking French and German was 66,477, and German and Flemish 7,238. The language boundary between Flemish and Walloon runs in a fairly straight line from Calais in France to the southern boundary of both the Belgian and Dutch provinces of Limburg, passing a little to the south of Brussels and ultimately touching the German frontier near Aix la Chapelle.

The cause of the present dissatisfaction among the French, however, is not any intense jealousy over an apparent victory of the "Flamingants." So long as Belgium remains an independent kingdom the actual supremacy of the French language as the medium of literature and commerce alike is no more likely to be questioned than it has been for centuries. The true menace lies in the fact that the Flemings are Teutonic and as such are included in the Pan-Germanic scheme of things.

To the Pan-German Antwerp is the chief attraction of Belgium, and Antwerp falls within the Flemish half of the kingdom. Not unnaturally, therefore, the French see in the victory of the "Flamingants" a further strengthening of Pan-German claims and an additional argument to be used by the apostles of the greater Germany. French ambition, on the other hand, after having for centuries looked forward to the acquisition of the Netherlands, now contents itself with the desire to see the integrity and neutrality of Belgium maintained.

Like the similar assertion of linguistic independence by the Czechs, the Rumanians, the Croats, the Albanians and half a dozen other of Europe's smaller races, however, the Flemish movement yields nothing either to any national or international consideration. So far as the Flemings are concerned, moreover, their capacity for maintaining their ground has behind it centuries of historically authenticated proof.

A Statue of a Great American.

Representative SULZER has introduced in the House, and the Committee on Library now has under consideration, a bill providing for the erection in the city of Washington by the Federal Government of a statue of SAMUEL J. TILDEN of New York.

In every sane attempt to improve the administration of governmental affairs, in every intelligent effort to better the conditions of public life, in every movement designed to rid legislation and the enforcement of laws of favoritism, fraud and trickery, the spirit of TILDEN persists and finds expression. The work that he did, the methods that his extraordinary intelligence devised and approved, constitute to-day the foundation and plans for reforms continuously in progress but as yet unfinished.

There is no partisanship in this movement to honor one of the greatest of America's political philosophers and practical statesmen. The tribute has been too long delayed. Mr. TILDEN's fame belongs to the nation. The appropriation asked for by Mr. SULZER's bill should be granted promptly by the Sixty-first Congress.

King George, the Man.

We fancy that Mr. THACKERAY would have been puzzled if he had had to write about any of the Four Georges with so slender a stock of anecdote as is available to light up the character of the fifth GEORGE, who is now King in England. We can see the dear old sentimentalist seizing upon the story of how Prince GEORGE when commander of the Thrush on the West India station read morning prayers on board because gunboats carried no chaplains. GEORGE, a gay blade enough when not on duty, was most conscientious in preparing for the Sunday service, reading the lessons to steady his voice, and singing chants and hymns, as he had done at home in the household of his pious grandmother, with those officers and men whom he could interest in the exercises.

And we are sure that Mr. THACKERAY would be deeply affected by the Prince's goodness when he asked the Admiral to allow him to try his hand in reforming a scapegrace who was thought to be incorrigible and actually succeeded with moral suasion and by giving the fellow shore leave. Having dressed up this material Mr. THACKERAY would be thrown back upon idyllic stories of GEORGE's domestic life, and perhaps would sigh because there were no wicked escapades and spicy epigrams to record, concluding that the fifth GEORGE was an indifferent subject for a public lecturer.

One gets the impression from what has been written about GEORGE, Prince of WALES, that his qualities were rather those of his excellent grandmother than those of his accomplished father. We speak of course of the Prince retired from the navy and sobered by the shadow of a great responsibility. As a naval officer he bore some resemblance to the Duke of CLARENCE, who became WILLIAM IV., having a bluff, hearty way about him and a taste for grog of which he was not ashamed. It will be well for England, however, if the parallel does not go further, for WILLIAM IV. abused his prerogative and muddled his way through a brief and unpopular reign.

By no stretch of the imagination could GEORGE, Duke of YORK, be regarded as a brilliant naval officer, and as Prince of WALES his public appearances never recalled the urbanity, delicate tact and easy address of his father, who used to represent VICTORIA so admirably. But it must be remembered that GEORGE was not educated to be Prince of WALES or King, and the navy is not a good training school for either men of the world or diplomats. Nevertheless, if he failed to shine as Prince of WALES he did not neglect the work and functions that fell to him. Accounts agree that he gave his mornings to his correspondence and toiled through it industriously, although with a sense of boredom, and in opening institutions and shows as heir to the throne he acquitted himself well, although it was plain that he disliked ceremony and had no love for pomp and circumstance. That his popularity declined after he left the navy there is no doubt; though he continued to be in the public eye, he preferred country joys, and was obscured first by his father's fame as Prince of WALES and then by the prestige of EDWARD VII. as diplomatist and peacemaker. Only a versatile man and one of great originality or force of character could have shone under the circumstances, and GEORGE seems to be neither.

At the same time, he has solid English qualities, and there is some testimony that he is familiar with public affairs. On the one hand it is said that his speeches have always been written by others and that he is incapable of composition; on the other hand positive assurance is given that while Prince GEORGE may have got his inspiration from Sir DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE during the colonial tour in 1901, the Prince wrote the striking speech "Wake up, England" himself. Time will tell, and that very soon, whether a man of ability and character has succeeded one of the best Kings that England ever had. That GEORGE V. will address himself to his duties with as great a sense of responsibility as his father always showed, and that during his reign the interests of the navy will never be neglected, may at least be presumed.

The Case of the Neglectful Mr. Havens.

It will be interesting to watch the progress and process of any attempt by our State authorities to remove the Hon. JAMES S. HAVENS from the House of Representatives of the Sixty-first Congress for having failed to file a statement of his election expenses within ten days after the special election in the Thirty-second district.

We are under the impression that the Constitution of the United States makes the House of Representatives the sole judge of the qualifications and disqualifications of its members. Something more than the revocation of the State certificate of election would be required to vacate Mr. HAVENS's seat, whether or not he gets his statement of election expenses into the hands of the State officers within the statutory time.

There has been some comment on the assignment of Representative HAVENS to so inconsequential a committee as that on Railways and Canals. That was the post held by Mr. HAVENS's predecessor, the late JAMES BRECK PERKINS, in addition to his chairmanship of Foreign Affairs.

A Bossee Candidate.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

We are in receipt of a communication from the Flushing *Daily Times* urging the nomination of Representative Cocks for Governor. Mr. Cocks is an eminent Republican. But the reason assigned by the Flushing *Daily Times*, which it prints in black type, is that at the State convention which nominated Charles Evans Hughes Mr. Cocks was present as the personal representative of the then President.

In an editorial article, however, in the Flushing *Daily Times* we read: "Bossism is dead and stays dead." If ever two conventions were bossed they were those of 1906 and 1908. Now the Flushing *Daily Times* wants the bossee to be nominated for Governor.

Representative Cocks is a good man, makes a splendid representative in Congress and would be a good candidate for Governor, but his platform should be "bossism."

Expert Opinion Upon Little Bison's Emigration Scheme.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Little Bison's project of transplanting a colony of redskins to Central or South America has been brought to the attention of Herbert Huxley Fiske, a son of the late John Fiske and superintendent of Haskell Institute of Lawrence, Kan., and this is what he writes to a friend in Boston:

"I should size Little Bison up as a clever but somewhat illogical chap. His statement that we are endeavoring to raise the Indian from a condition of barbarism to that of dress suits and patent leather pumps in one generation is somewhat overdrawn. He seems to think that we are endeavoring to make Indians compete with white men when they are not in any wise equipped to do so. I notice that he explains the different branches of study which he has taken up and mastered, and that he mentions positions which have been offered him in preference to white men.

"As the subjects enumerated by him are some of the most difficult pursued by white men, it is a little difficult to see on what he bases his statement that Indians are in no wise able to compete with the whites. The sum of $5,000 which he wants for the expenses of his scheme might possibly be sufficient to pay the transportation of a small number of Indians to Central America, and then a paternal Government would have to send down the means to bring them back before they starved to death." G. N.

BOSTON, May 6.

Equipping the School of Music.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Have you given out the job of music director? If not, could Mr. Burton True Scales, instructor of music in one of our foremost schools, secure the appointment? C. P. M. R.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6.

To Guide the Immortals.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Moonshine and Sonnenschein are in our employ. Is the Hall of Fame ready for constant illumination? R. S.

NEW YORK, May 6.

He Is Enrolled.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Is there room for Thomas Wire, dealer in hardware? C. P. M. R.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5.

Seward in Madison Square.

Lo, at the crossing of the ways
His chair of state has place,
Who lent his strength and righteousness
To lift a sunken race.

His was the rugged majesty,
And his the granite will,
Where all the winds of heaven war
To hold his own soul still.

His valiant spirit journeys on
Beyond our mortal ken,
But here preserved in graven stone
His image rests with men;

And seems beneath the budding trees
To hear the wee birds sing,
Enthroned 'mid scarlet tulip blooms
In a perennial spring.

M. E. BUHLER.

TALKS IN ENGLAND.

At the Country Auction.

Our neighborhood has just lost its public hermit, as he might be called, who has been gossiped and romanced about and regarded as one of its celebrities as far back as I can remember. In this old settled and closely peopled land at least you may obtain a considerable notoriety, even without desiring it, by simply keeping to yourself, and most English neighborhoods entertain themselves with a figure of this kind.

Our hermit, who had the name of Henry Nott, was a "foreigner" by origin, which doesn't mean here that he was a Frenchman or a German, but that he came from another part of England. On his arrival he bought a good sized house of ten rooms or so on a byroad about a mile out of the village and there settled down to live in strict solitude. The site itself was not particularly secluded, as the front of the house touched the road, with no garden intervening; but then the front door always remained closed and the windows shuttered, and the only exit in use was at the back, where lay a little orchard, well hidden by trees and a tall hedge. He was said to take walks in the orchard and once when I was riding past I did catch a glimpse of a nightcap moving among the trees.

On returning to the neighborhood after an absence of several years I was surprised to hear of the long remembered hermit being still alive, but a week ago there appeared on the barn wall beside the Green, which is used for such public announcements, a printed notice beginning: "Re Henry Nott, deceased. By order of the administrators a sale will be held at 12 noon," &c. The sale was to be at the house, and however reluctant you might be to pry into the affairs of a man so tenacious of privacy, curiosity could plead that abstaining would be futile when half the countryside was sure to be there.

As I walked up the village on my way to the sale I saw Mrs. B., the gardener's wife, chatting with a neighbor before her thatched cottage, which was fronted by a fine show of daffodils in flower, and I stopped to wish her good morning. She was just then laughing over her husband's success in getting a reward of twenty shillings offered by the old lady who employed him to anybody who could cure her little granddaughter of the habit of sucking her thumb. B. won the reward by the simple method of taking Miss Mary's thumb out of her mouth and putting it into his own, which sent the child off screaming to her grandmother. In spite of this windfall Mrs. B. wasn't going to the sale; she was too stout to walk so far, she said, and the only trap in the village free that day was the one which had made her miss her sister's funeral five years ago by failing to keep an agreement to come to fetch her; since then she had never engaged it. She was very sorry not to go, having, she admitted, a strong mind to see the inside of a house which had so long been closed up like a dungeon.

"Here's B.," she exclaimed, laughing again and pointing across the Green, "with Miss Mary's medicine bottle on his face!"

The gardener was coming our way with a stranger in a queer shaped cap who had a wooden box under one arm and under the other a reddish animal that I discovered after a moment was a fox. The fox, who was wearing a handsome collar with a chain, should perhaps receive a passing mention because of his rare accomplishments. His owner, a vermin killer by trade, had been summoned by B. to do a job at an outhouse which was being pulled down. His tools were half a dozen ferrets, lodged in a wooden case, and the fox, which he called Hezekiah. "Hezekiah 'll work to ferrets," he said, "better'n any dog you ever see'd. 'E's quicker'n lightning, and never lets any of 'em put so much as a scratch on hisself. There ain't another fox nowheres in the country so prettily broke to ferrets as Hezekiah is."

"Tis no more than the truth," assented B., pinching one of Hezekiah's ears, who snapped back quickly but harmlessly, being muzzled.

B. was not going to the sale either; he was too busy. "I could 'a' bought one of the old man's weapons or something too," he added, "for there's twenty shillings in my pocket this morning that wasn't there overnight."

After we had heard the tale about little Mary's thumb over again I took up his allusion to the hermit's weapons, which brought back stories familiar to me as a child about loaded guns pointing down the passages of the barred house and an armory of various swords in it; some broad and some thin for passing under the door to slice off a man's feet standing on the steps, some very narrow to stab you with through the keyhole. When I asked "Do you think it was true about all those weapons?" B. answered firmly "Oh, yes, sir! You'll see them there if the heirs haven't took them away out of shame." And when I went on, "At all events, no one ever knew the real reason why he shut himself up like that," B. rejoined with confidence: "Begging your pardon, sir, it was this way. John Fluellen told me. You wouldn't hardly remember him, but 'twas him took the house for Mr. Nott when first 'e come here—that's thirty-five years ago. Mr. Nott 'e was crossed in love."

In saying the last words B., like the other men hereabout when giving this time honored account of the matter, could not arrest a slight grin, and Mrs. B., like the other women, who always give this account with complete seriousness, put in gravely: "The girl 'e was a-courting died."

"But he was very rich," I said irrelevantly, hurrying over the familiar ground.

"Yes," said Mrs. B., "'e was warm, and no mistake. That is why 'e was an armed man, as you might say, and had those great alarums in the house, and wouldn't ever let any one inside. My belief is 'e meant to die by hisself, too. 'E signed them to go away when they came to his window with the ladder and pushed the shutters in. If 'e'd 'a' had the strength 'e'd 'a' ordered them all out, you may depend on it."

B. then summed up the hermit's career so as to indicate what seemed to him the most notable thing about it: "'E lived like a dog and 'e was buried, as you might say, well nigh like a gentleman. There was a shell and a mourning coach and a hurst [hearse], ay, and the organist played the body out. You'd think them as gets his money ought to pay for all that, wouldn't you, sir?"

"They certainly ought."

"Ay, but 'ought' is sometimes a low figure, sir."

With this suspicious remark B. went on with the man in the skin cap, the ferrets and Hezekiah toward his employer's stable gates.

The lane followed to reach the hermitage ran between the high raddled hedgerows showering over banks of turf, which are common in Wessex. You could not see out of it except at a gate or a bridge. Rivulets of primroses ran along the grass at the bottom, and up above the gorse shone like gold in the sun among all sorts of shrubs, dwarfed trees and briers. Long irresolute sprays of bramble straggled out into the lane with spiders' threads glistening between them, and birds darted to and fro from bank to bank like fishes in a stream. Among the trees of a coppice I thought I caught a glimpse of a low blue smoke spreading over the ground, and climbing the hedge to discover the cause found the supposed smoke was a dense bed of wild hyacinths. An ancient stone bridge of six or seven miniature arches spanned one of those slow, winding, low banked, oozy streams so often sung by the old English poets, and through an embrasure in a wood following one side of it in a long curve appeared the gray turrets of a Tudor house. Two peasant women stumped along the lane before me, with their feet wide apart and shoulders jogging. They wore their "Sunday bests," which were unpretentious except for the white suede gloves that cruelly confined the bulging hands swinging at their sides.

This peculiarly misplaced aspiration to the mode reminded me of a recent outburst of indignation from the village cobbler about a cousin of his who came to borrow money "with a veil on." "Twas a windy afternoon," he told me, "and the veil blew right across from her face. I never see'd nothing stronger—borrowing with a veil on! Lots o' ladies don't wear 'em, but the poorer the prouder, that's the way of it in these latter years." When, to mitigate his cousin's offence by comparison, I suggested a way of the world that might seem to him still more enormous, asking what he thought about ladies who changed the color of their hair every year or oftener, he replied grimly: "'Twill be changed for them soon enough."

The white gloved women, curiosity lending wings, kept ahead of me, though I wasn't walking slowly, till they joined the crowd in the lane before the hermitage. The crowd was chiefly made up of farmers' and laborers' wives with a sprinkling of their husbands and some professional men and tradespeople from a small town five miles off. While some remained in the lane enjoying the new spectacle of the front windows with the shutters down, the rest gathered in the orchard behind the house examining the "lots" for sale, which were arranged there on boxes, barrels, chairs, &c., for the auction was to take place in the open air, and after all we weren't allowed to enter the house. The doors were locked and we had to be content with peering in at the windows, which were so thick with dust and cobwebs that little could be made out. The reason of this restriction I soon learned from surrounding snatches of conversation. I will say no more than that the interior decorations of the hermitage had fallen somewhat into disrepair.

The auctioneer, standing with notebook or catalogue in hand, his trousers pinched in by bicycle clips, a professional smile on his large red face, was shouting orders to his white aproned assistant. A group of women fingered a pile of blankets. "Fresh out of the paper!" exclaimed one. "'E could 'a' been clean if 'e'd a-wished, then!" "Ay," said another, lifting a double breasted coat in pilot serge from an adjoining heap, "this hasn't never been out of the paper neither." It looked a very old fashioned coat, however, and close by it lay a beaver hat in the style of fifty years ago. Nearly everything in that pathetic exposition of the hermit's hidden possessions and habits was old. A grandfather clock dated 1778, which hadn't "gone," to judge by the state of the works, for a generation or so, fetched £5; a sideboard of cracked, tarnished Heppelwhite, £3; a violin, 30s.; the clothes, including those "fresh from the paper," only half a crown. The furniture was all decrepit, the chairs and tables tottering on their legs. "Not much here," said one of the doctors, poking about disappointedly, "but I guess he left some money." Yes, he said "guess," though he had never been in America. Everybody was talking about the money left by the hermit. "'E never had no property," declared a man who pretended to have been intimate with Nott at some remote period, "not so much as my hand." He held up his hand to show the size of it. "All his fortune was in the Bank of England and consols—safe enough. 'E got his interest half yearly; April 9 was one of the days, I know, and 'e looked forward to it as eager as a child to a birthday gift. What 'e's done with his fortune I can't say exactly. Sometimes 'e'd say one thing, sometimes another. What's certain is, 'e wouldn't have nothing to do with his relations in England. They come around to see what was to be had now and then, wrote letters too, but bless you 'e wouldn't see them. Was 'e crossed in love? Maybe not, but John Fluellen, who bought the house for him, said 'twas so. Suppose love is a heat in some people; I never found it like that myself."

Two young girls were flitting about the orchard and laughing with some of the men. "My, what a picter!" exclaimed one, halting before a framed composition in red chalk, tilted up against a chest of drawers. It represented a sailor enveloped from the waist down in raging billows and clinging with one hand to a rope spliced about a spar. Beneath was written: "By Henry Nott, with faith in God," and this verse:

Firm knit of peace and love
These knots will never fail;
For from the first I heard
Thy constant voice. All Hail!

"Knots!" giggled one of the girls. "Why, if that wasn't hisself! Who'd 'a' thought the old fellow'd be making a joke like that?"

A telltale "lot" for a student of mythology was made up of three rusty weapons, namely, a muzzle loading shotgun, a cavalry sabre and a fencing foil. The foil may have been the whole original of the "swords for stabbing with through the keyhole"; the sabre, of the "swords for slicing under the door with." Beside them stood a contrivance of eight little bells hung from a crosspiece fastened to a movable upright worked by a treadle on the ground, so that if you stepped on the treadle the upright would be lifted and all the bells start ringing. This was found in the doorway of Nott's bedroom and was probably the sum total of his collection of "great alarums."

An occasion of this sort in the country usually brings together people who haven't seen one another for some time, and after the edge of curiosity was blunted, or, for that matter, before, you might overhear such conversations as this going on about you:

A Stout Farmer—God bless my life, Mr. Meatyard, and how are you? And how are things doing at Melham?

A Lean Tradesman—Oh, pretty fair, thank you. Had a little increase to the family since I saw you last.

The Farmer—God bless me, you don't say so! Well, well, and how is she?

The Tradesman—Oh, pretty fair, thank you.

The Farmer—And is it a boy or a child, Mr. Meatyard?

The Tradesman (puzzled)—Eh, eh? [With an air of sudden relief] Why, 'tis a child.

The Farmer—Well, well, long life to it! And when did this happen?

The Tradesman—Last Wednesday, I think 'twas.

The Farmer—And how many does that make?

The Tradesman, reflecting—Let me see. Ay, 'tis eleven. I think so.

A Bystander—'Tis twelve, Mr. Meatyard.

The Tradesman—Is it?

The Farmer—Ay, Mr. Meatyard, that's twelve you've made.

The Tradesman—Oh, ay, b'lieve 'tis.

Or as this:

A Peasant Woman (with a small boy)—Know who this is?

A Laborer—Yes, m'am, I knows him. Not many of your sons I don't know.

The Peasant Woman—Ay, but sometimes they grows out of knowledge.

Or as this:

A Farmer—When Tom was starting back, Cocky Dawson comes out to the trap with a lanthorn and holds it just by the step of the trap for Tom to see. And Cocky touched the pony's back something, and she started kicking. My, if she didn't kick! She smashed the lanthorn all to pieces, sent the glass flying all ways; she thought it was put there a-purpose for her. Ay, and I remembers what Cocky said.

Four or five eager voices—What did Cocky say?

The Farmer (after a pause)—Cocky, 'e says: "A bloody nice game this, and who's going to pay for th' lanthorn?"

Four or five voices, loudly—Haw, haw! Good for Cocky!

On the way back I was overtaken by our cobbler, who has to drive because the lower part of his body is more or less paralyzed. He drives in something like a packing case on wheels drawn by a donkey which brays so noisily and often that the boys call it "the village band." The cobbler had perhaps got a glass or two somewhere; anyhow, he was much elated over the diversion afforded by the sale. "Did ye see the ring o' bells? Ha, ha! 'E was clever at contriving, warn't 'e? I don't amember right if there was three or four on each side? And, ha, ha, the footboard a-going up to the bells! Seed it? Was there ever the like? The clock and the violin—that's what 'e had good there, I say! His sister in Australia'll get the money, oh yes, before the nieces in 'Merica. You see, 'e never made no will. A lawyer sent out word to him 'e ought to make one, but 'e said: 'No, not to put £5 in your pocket!' Well, I never! I wouldn't 'a' said it meself! When one of the nieces' husbands came over from 'Merica the old man gave him a lot of lucifer matches—the boxes, you understand—and told him to throw 'em away. Well, the Yankee found a gold chain and a silver watch in one of the boxes. 'E might 'a' throwed 'em out on the rubbish heap like that! No, the Yankee didn't know; dare say old Nott did. 'E won't be missed much, not by any living soul, but 'twas a sale, warn't it?" G.

NO INCOME TAX!

The Arguments of Speaker Byrd of Virginia Commended in Maine.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Friends of constitutional representative government "wheresoever dispersed" are placed under deep obligations to the honorable Speaker of Virginia's House of Delegates, Richard Evelyn Byrd, for his epigrammatic summary of the reasons, logical and compelling, why the States of the American Union at large should vote against the ratification of the proposed Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution published at the head of your editorial columns in yesterday's SUN, and scarcely less is their debt to THE SUN for its indorsement and prominent publication of the letter.

Those of us who believe in the government of the fathers as the ripe product of centuries of revolt against centralization of power in the hands of the anointed few, even in the face of Terrible Teddy's denunciation of "paper constitutions" and "government of clerks and lawyers," will take heart of grace to renew the battle against privilege of class and caste through this outspoken, bell clear utterance of a man whose terse, cogent epitomizing of the mischiefs of the situation reveals him as a true son of that Old Dominion whose greatest claim on fame is perhaps that she was indeed and in truth the Mother of Presidents. C. VEY HOLMAN.

BANGOR, Me., May 6.

Fate of Two Parks.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: One thing is very certain, and that is that playgrounds and parks are two distinct and separate propositions. The parks must be kept free of the playgrounds, and the latter as far from the parks as possible, otherwise the park will quickly be destroyed by its being used as a playground.

You can see this on the East Side where were formerly Hamilton Fish and Seward parks. Their names survive, but all that can be seen of them to-day is two large barren wastes with not a sign of vegetation on either and deserted in school hours.

This result may be very gratifying to the playground enthusiasts, but the rest of us ought to feel that it was an outrage to have ruined those two parks.

If playgrounds are wanted, get property for that purpose, but do not further ruin the city parks in this way. TOMPKINS SQUARE.

NEW YORK, May 7.

Modern Sardinia.

From the London Chronicle.

King Victor's decision to pay Sardinia his first visit since his accession is a reminder that this large Italian island still belongs to the Middle Ages. It is hard to believe that Sardinia, known to the ancient Romans as the granary of the empire and its mineral treasure house, should so recently as 1828 have been entirely without roads. The beautiful highways over which, in Augustan days, golden harvests had been wheeled to the coast had been lost since the fall of the empire. Even feudalism retained its hold on the life of the Sardes till 1836. Pestilence due to neglected soil and undrained swamps has no doubt helped to retard the return to civilization of the island which gave the crown to King Victor's house.

Musical Sense of Insects.

From the London Daily Mail.

Interesting facts with regard to the musical perceptions of the water flea were mentioned at the Royal Society's meeting yesterday afternoon by Mr. F. J. Cole.

The insect is particularly sensitive to certain notes on the tenor trombone. When imprisoned in a microscope live box it preserves a stolid indifference to most musical sounds. It is only when the B flat below the middle C of the trombone is in full blast that it expresses its displeasure by "fixing its first pair of antennæ under its body."

One isolated specimen, however, was evidently irritated by every note of the instrument, while many appear to have been entirely tone deaf.

Glasgow a Soberer City.

From the London Daily Mail.

The Glasgow Chief Constable in a report issued last night comments upon the remarkable increase of sobriety in the city. Apprehensions for drunkenness totalled 14,167, a decrease of considerably over 4,000. While lack of money has no doubt contributed to increased sobriety, the Chief Constable states that the growth of temperance has been a great factor. A great deal of money has been spent on amusements, which was just as available for spending in drink. Compared with two years ago the apprehensions for drunkenness showed a decrease of nearly 7,000.

The Beginning of a Famous Law.

The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when along came a blackbird and bit off her nose.

"I'll have an employer's liability act on you," she told the queen.

Thus we see the beginning of the movement.

MR. ROOSEVELT DEFENDED.

A Christian in Belief Although His Philosophy of Life Is Nietzschean.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: In his entirely entertaining exposition of "The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche" (1908) Henry L. Mencken asserts: "If we would seek conclusive proof that Nietzsche has put his mark upon his time we need go no further than the ubiquitous Mr. Roosevelt. In all things fundamental the Rooseveltian philosophy and the Nietzschean philosophy are identical."

It was fundamental in Nietzsche's scheme of reform and progress to deny, decry, deride, denounce and destroy Christianity, and he lifted his voice against it in such terrible language as this:

It is to me the greatest of all imaginable corruptions. It has left nothing untouched by its depravity. It has made a worthlessness out of every value, a lie out of every truth, a sin out of everything straightforward, healthy and honest. Let any one dare to speak to me of its humanitarian blessings! To do away with pain and woe is contrary to its principles. It lives by pain and woe: it has created pain and woe in order to perpetuate itself. It combats all good red blood, all love, and all hope for life, with its anæmic ideal of holiness. It sets up "the other world" as a negation of every reality. The cross is the rallying post for a conspiracy against health, beauty, well being, courage, intellect, benevolence—against life itself.

This eternal accusation I shall write upon all walls: I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity. I call it the one immortal shame and blemish upon the human race.

Mr. Mencken, completing the comparison, says:

It is inconceivable that Mr. Roosevelt should have formulated his present confession of faith independently of Nietzsche. As every one knows, he is an ardent student of German literature and has dipped with peculiar assiduity into the Pierian spring of the German poets and philosophers. The motto at the head of his essay on "The Strenuous Life," the best summary of his creed that he has yet published, is a quotation from Goethe, and in the essay itself are a multitude of thoughts borrowed boldly and bodily, though perhaps unconsciously, from none other than Friedrich Nietzsche. "The Strenuous Life" indeed is the most eloquent and powerful statement of the Dionysian philosophy ever made by any one. * * * There is no denial of the law of natural selection in this thunderous sermon of the American Dionysian; there is no meek acceptance of the Christian doctrine that self-effacement is noble. * * * There is no acceptance of the doctrine that all men are equal "before the Lord." On the contrary "many of our people are utterly unfit for self-government." There is no glorifying of asceticism, sickness, death and degeneration—"the hangman's metaphysic." "Weakness is the greatest of crimes!" There is no worship of the fetich of peace and brotherly love. "The overcivilized man, who has lost the great fighting, masterful virtues"—in him there is abomination. "Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers!" Could there be a more direct and earnest statement of the Dionysian creed? Could there be a more obvious paraphrasing of "Der Antichrist" and "Also sprach Zarathustra"?

Mr. Roosevelt has a pew in a Christian church, but his whole attitude of mind is essentially and violently un-Christian. If you don't believe it compare "The Strenuous Life" and the Sermon on the Mount. Is it possible to imagine two documents which say "Nay!" to each other more riotously, vehemently and unmistakably?

For my part I am confident that Mr. Roosevelt sincerely believes himself to be a Christian, that he has not been consciously influenced in the smallest degree by the mad Dionysian of Basel, and that he condemns the Nietzschean philosophy in its totality as unsparingly as Nietzsche condemns Christianity. Nevertheless the doctrines enunciated by Mr. Roosevelt are none the worse for their contradiction of other doctrines. AMICUS CURIÆ.

MARSHALL'S CREEK, Pa., May 6.

TWO PATRIOTIC PLEDGES.

Rhode Island Recognizes the State; New York Ignores It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: In a pamphlet published by the State of Rhode Island entitled "Second Annual Programme for Patriotic Exercises in Schools" is found this:

PATRIOTIC PLEDGE.

I pledge allegiance to our State flag and to the republic of which Rhode Island forms a part; one Union inseparable, with honor and reverence for both State and nation.

Contrast with this the pledge daily recited by the children of the schools of New York:

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

If the Rhode Island pledge were followed in each of our States would the Stars and Stripes mean as much to the next generation as we hope they will mean?

Isn't the doctrine underlying the Rhode Island pledge the doctrine of State sovereignty, of nullification, of secession? Didn't those doctrines enter into the irrepressible conflict which half a century ago was settled by a verdict which was irrevocable?

Whatever interest may attach to State flags or city flags or club flags for purposes of local decoration, there is in this country for purposes of education only one flag.

NEW YORK, May 7. AN AMERICAN.

Castle Ashby and Its Texts.

From the Treasury.

Castle Ashby, the residence of the Marquis of Northampton, stands alone among all the "stately homes of England" as embodying in its architectural features texts of Scripture in solid masonry set out for every one to see in the most prominent places possible. The porter's lodge at the entrance to the mansion bears on its cornice the inscription in Latin, "The Lord preserve thy coming in," and on the inner cornice the text, "The Lord preserve thy going out." The same ideas have been carried out in the design of the balustrades of the terraces surrounding the lawns and flower beds, which make the gardens of Castle Ashby among the most beautiful in the country.

The mansion itself is unique, as all its pediments are composed of texts of Scripture in Latin. Commencing at the south end of the west wing is the inscription, in bold letters, "Except the Lord the Keeper, keep the house, in vain he watches who keeps it." Then follows another inscription dated 1624, the year the house was completed, "Except the Lord build the house, they have labored in vain who build it." Along the outer balustrade we read, "Blessed are they who fear the Lord, who walk in His ways. Praise ye the Name of the Lord. Amen." Lord Northampton is, it may be stated, the president of the Bible Society.

Judicial Red Tape in Austria.

Innsbruck correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

It has been reserved for a District Judge at Bozen to illustrate the extreme limits of Austrian bureaucratic pedantry. Not long ago a poor widow to whom the court had rendered some assistance in finding a home for her daughter called upon the Judge to express her gratitude, at the same time offering him a bunch of flowers.

Greatly offended by the simple gift the Judge reproached the widow most severely for daring to offer him a present, but finally permitted her to leave the flowers on his desk.

Immediately after she had left his Honor summoned his secretary and dictated a long protocol setting forth all the circumstances of the case, and attaching to it some of the flowers in question sent the whole to the Supreme Court at Innsbruck, asking if he might be permitted to accept the flowers.

Some ten days later he received notification from the Supreme Court that under all the circumstances there would be no objection to his retaining the flowers—which in the meantime had completely withered.

Menservants' Candidate.

From the London Globe.

In France there are, we learn, nearly a million of menservants of one description and another, or, to be precise, the number is 986,104, without any representative in Parliament to protect their interests. The gentlemen's gentlemen wished to place themselves, says a Paris contemporary, on an equality with the miners and advocates, who are fully represented in the Chamber of Deputies. They tried to improve their position and ran a candidate in the Eighth arrondissement, one M. J. B. Medard, who followed the occupation which "Humphrey Clinker" discharged with such success. This part of Paris is said to contain the largest percentage of domestics of both sexes, but they were not sufficient to return their candidate. M. Medard has taken his defeat philosophically. He says that he had but slight hope of success, and that has fallen like the latest rain.